

Masthead Logo

The Iowa Review

Volume 42
Issue 1 *Spring 2012*

Article 37

Spring 2012

The Cedars Of Lebanon

Brandon Shimoda

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Shimoda, Brandon. "The Cedars Of Lebanon." *The Iowa Review* 42.1 (2012): 155-156. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7138>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

Accentuate the buttocks beneath a rainbow
Once, the cedars spanned Mountain to Anti-Mountain, now
The commanding question of who professes
Most devotedly either radical
Or celestial love, flowering
Or raining the mountain or anti—is
The minority Muslim
Comfortable in the cessation of movement, narrowing
To enter the Persian, however, imagine
Hovering over salt
In a perfect ring, shadow cast by limbs that sail
But do not actually move. Black
Garments cutting passage
For the eyes, mustaches aglow
In neon curves of Falcon Land

155

One buttock alone, beneath a rainbow in remission
Withdrawing into the conditions of
And for itself, slicked
With syrup, cola nuts, fashioned by incision
Hanging the thick of the Persian

But the buttock alone
Will always be mistaken
For the profile of patriotism
When a nation expresses itself as a club, when a natural yet worrisome
Growth on the forehead of a woman resembles
The sign of a virtuous woman, white bristles
Breaking out along her back, opening the heavens
The woman's body tempting
Fate, the fate of those around her, beside her
Giving the jutting of a stylized yellow star

Incomplete
Slaughter. Yellow
Is slaughter itself, a single rough-eye in dirt habit
Beginning the first centimeter of the Cedars
Free, free ejaculate, Druze says
Raise high the recovery in the ancient grove
Everyone has gone inside stone huts
To wash their hands
On the cascade of slick stone. Only goats remain
And chickens yes
A disfigured cow, while one is whole
One holds its better trance

156

I used to believe the great stories were true
Until you were brought to the crown of the mountains
To touch living skin aftertold. I was home
I touched the nearest thing
I could—a photo of a man carrying the bones of his wife in a sink
Through the carrion smolder of a flayed city
To his wife's parents in the bound fringe
Patient for word through the rain

How do the Cedars of Lebanon carry themselves?
I asked, through the foghorn mercy of wind
Turning the scent of a house
Underneath where sun fries the pine
Crystallizing the horizon. Did you touch the Cedars of Lebanon?
I touched the Tent of the Arabs—human, growing
In the clouds. I could feel them
Perched atop my head, a gust of wind
Where queens, spectacular, shake